

The Slighted MAID:

O R,

The Pining Lover:

With sighs and moans she doth intreat her Dear, | At length his frozen Heart begins to melt,
Whilst he seems to be deaf and will not hear: | Being moved with the passion she had felt.

To the Tune of, I prithee Love turn me, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



WAs ever Maiden so scorned,
by one that she loved so dear;
Long time have I sigh'd and mourned,
and still my Love will not hear:
O turn to me my own dear Heart,
and I prithee Love turn to me;
For thou art the Lad I long for,
and, alas! what remedy?

My lodging is on the cold ground,
and very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most, is
the unkindness of my Dear:
O turn to me my own dear Heart,
and I prithee Love turn to me;
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O stop not thy ear to the wallings
of me a poore harmlesse Maid;
You know we are subject to fallings,
blind Cupid hath me betraid:
And now I must cry, O turn Love,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

How canst thou be so hard hearted,
and cruel to me alone;
If ever we should be parted,
then all my delight is gone;
But ever I cry, O turn Love,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

I'll make thee pretty sweet posies,
and constant I ever will prove,
I'll strow thy chamber with roses,
and all to delight my Love:
Then turn to me my own dear Heart,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone can
procure my liberty.

I'll do my endeavour to please thee,
by making the bed full soft,
Of all thy sorrows I'll ease thee,
by kissing thy lips full oft:
Then turn to me my own dear Heart,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone can
procure my liberty.

But if my love harden thy heart still
...if...

If that thou still dost love me,
I never will love thee more,
Thy cruelty shall never pain me,
for I'll have another in store:
But still I cry, O turn Love,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

By hearing her pittifull clamour,
the passion of love he felt;
He could no longer disdain her,
his frozen heart it did melt:
For ever he cryed, O turn Love,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone can
procure my liberty.

He said, My Love I will please thee,
thy heaviness grieves me sore,
But let not sorrow once seize thee,
I never will grieve thee more:
I'll turn to thee my own kind Heart,
dear Love I'll turn to thee;
For I am the Man that now am come
to procure thy liberty.

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
and marry thee with a rush-ring,
My frozen heart it will thaw then,
and merrily we will sing:
But ever he cry'd, O turn Love,
and I pray thee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man that alone can
release my misery.